

cents in stamps which must be enclosed in your letter. Write for this now! Don't let the opportunity pass you by! Every one of us handles coins every day, and with such an opportunity is it not the sensible thing to find out just how to recognize the scarce ones? This coin folder may open the future for you, and all that it costs is just your letter and four cents in stamps along with it! I have showed you the way---will you take it while you can? Write that letter NOW, and here is the address:

MAX MEHL
MEHL BUILDING
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

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ADVENTURES IN MONEY
Part 2
THE PENNY THAT SAVED SIX LIVES

by
Ralph A. Kimble

Presented by
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Money---Money---copper and nickel, silver and gold, bits of metal harder than a miser's heart, colder than the finger of death, yet for its possession men have struggled and fought and died. Money---for which men and women have bartered everything that life holds dear: youth and health and strength and happiness, all in exchange for money!

And yet---Money---its dusky gleam reflecting all that earth can give to human happiness; its warm glow the promise of rich reward: home, a woman's love, a child's delighted laugh, peace and sanctuary after the day's work---these too are the gifts of money.

Yes, money---hard bits of metal worthless in themselves, and yet they carry the promise of all that earth can give. Coins of every race and age and nation, and in them is written the story of mankind. They bear mute witness to the drama they have seen, the empires that have lived and died, the loves and hatreds, joys and sorrows of three thousand years.

There is the romance of money: the stories it can tell to those who know its language and can read the message that it bears. And it is this romance of money that has created the amazing business which for thirty years has made MAX MEHL, of FORT WORTH, TEXAS the center of the coin collecting world, one of the world famous authorities on old and rare coins: The Texas Money King!

The romance of money, the attraction of the coins themselves, not for their face value but for their historic interest, has created a vast number of collectors, men and women, boys and girls, who love these coins for the stories they can tell, and who, in building their collections, will stop at no obstacle, balk at no price, to secure the coins they need. This wide-spread interest in old and rare coins has brought about a real scarcity, and it is to meet the demands of these collectors that Max Mehl has for years devoted time and strength and money. In his constant search for these old or scarce coins he has accumulated a vast knowledge concerning them, and from his lifetime of study and research can tell you the history and value of almost any coin that has ever existed.

And what stories are wrapped up in some of these old coins! Recall for a moment the most adventurous and romantic life of which you ever heard. Think of the strangest adventures that ever happened to man, and then hear the story of what might have happened in the life of one little coin---yes---just a bit of money, worn and dim with the passage of years---but what those years have meant!

This bit of money is not the royal gold, that prince of metals, not a silver piece nor even common nickel. It is copper, the most humble of metals, and of the lowest value---just a copper penny. On its face it bears the head of Liberty, while on the other side are the words "United States of America"---"One Cent". The date on the penny is 1793, which, to those who are wise in the knowledge of coins, tells that it was one of the first pennies ever coined in this country, for they first appeared in 1793, just one hundred and forty years ago.

And as we look at this little coin the years roll back and we see it as it first came from the old mint in Philadelphia, fresh and bright and clean on that summer day of 1793, the first penny to be made by the United States of America. Look! The workman has carefully polished it

with a bit of cotton and carries it across the room to Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, who stands there watching the whole process. Hamilton takes it, turns it over in his hand, commenting on its beauty and then, with a laugh, takes a knife from the workman's bench and cuts a tiny groove in the penny, marking it as the first of its kind. And so the little coin starts its career.

A few years pass. The War of 1812 is upon us, and here is the storming of Fort Niagara on the Canadian frontier, with Winfield Scott leading his troops in the assault. A soldier dashes forward ahead of his comrades but trips and stumbles, and as he does so something bright drops from his jacket pocket. Hesitating for an instant he stoops to pick up ---yes, the lucky penny---and in the second that he bends over to retrieve it a cannon ball from the British guns whirls over his head missing him by an inch, his life saved by the penny.

The scene changes, and now in 1843 a midwinter night is falling on the high Sierras of California. Thru the icy blasts that whistle around these granite pinnacles a group of men is struggling upward. They break their terrible way thru the deep snow, heads bowed against the blizzard as they tramp doggedly on, deadly tired and freezing cold, but knowing that to stop means death. John Charles Fremont, the Pathfinder of the West, is here at the head, leading his second expedition over the unmarked trails to the Pacific. They come to a dip in the pass, with high walls of rock on the windward side. A camp is made, holes dug in the snow, tired men are given a few minutes to rest and eat the scanty food that remains---some bits of frozen horse-meat partly boiled in melted snow. One big-shouldered, brown-faced fellow pulls out his tobacco pouch and fills a battered pipe---not with the fragrant weed, for that is long since gone---but with particles of dried leaves which have to serve just now. He lays the pouch beside him and dozes off to sleep.

An hour that seems but an instant, and Fremont rouses his men for the start. The winter dawn is not far distant, and this day they must reach the crest if they are to live to see the fair valleys of California that lie beyond. The big soldier is sent out ahead to break a path for the others. He starts to go, but turns back hurriedly, for he remembers that his tobacco pouch is back where he left it, and in that pouch is his lucky piece---the old 1793 penny. Just after he turns back the air is suddenly alive with sound, the mountain trembles and a thunderous roar stops every man in his tracks! A landslide just ahead; ---well indeed that they had not started a moment earlier or every man would have been buried beneath tons of rock and snow! The big soldier looks startled for an instant, then with a grim smile pockets his lucky penny---it has saved his life!

Another scene, and here the sandy, rolling hills of northern Mexico shimmer in the tropic heat of the summer of 1847. Zachary Taylor's army has defeated the Mexicans at Matamoros, and now a few weeks later a straggling and intermittent battle is going on, the Mexicans hiding in their broken hills and shooting at our men as we advance. A young sergeant in Taylor's cavalry is riding off to one side to reconnoitre a bit of sage-brush that might hide an enemy. A shot, and his horse falls, stone-dead. The soldier pitches forward, striking a rock as he falls, and lies there stunned. His shirt is ripped from the fall, and from the pocket drops---the lucky penny! A Mexican peers out from the brush and then creeps out to kill the hated American lying there, but as he raises his gun his eye is caught by something bright---the penny lying there in the glaring sun. He hesitates a second, and in that second his life is forfeited---an American rifle-ball from the galloping troop has found its mark, and the fallen sergeant is saved by the fraction of a second---and his lucky penny.

Sixteen years flit by and it is summer again, the third of July of 1863, and under the rising sun we see a thrilling sight, a long line of gray, a moving line that rolls onward and upward with irresistible force---Pickett's desperate charge at Gettysburg! A storm of flame and steel breaks from ahead and withers the Confederate charge, but on they come, leaping with heroic courage to meet their death! A gray-clad boy

from Virginia stops in his tracks for an instant, drags from his pocket something small and round and brown---the 1793 penny. He stoops to tuck it into his shoe for safe-keeping thru the whirlwind charge, and as he stoops a bullet from a Union rifle just skims the top of his head. He drops, unconscious but unharmed, for his bending at that instant has saved his life---the penny has again fulfilled its mission!

The years roll by, and here are the green slopes of San Juan Hill on July first, 1898. Roosevelt's Rough Riders are in the saddle, up for the charge, and in the front rank are two brothers, comrades in arms. The bugle sounds, and as they gather their horses for the charge a sniper's bullet whines thru the air and kills the elder brother. He sags in the saddle, drops to the ground, and the younger boy---sick and white---knows the feeling of deadly fear. His manhood is in the balance: to stand his place or turn and run! He turns in his saddle, looking to the rear, and feels a sharp pinch from something hard and metallic in his pocket, caught between him and the saddle---the lucky penny again! The touch of pain clears his mind, and with a sob half-choked he faces front and leads in the mad charge---honor and manhood saved.

The light fades, and from the darkening stage rises the last scene of all. It is September 26th. of 1918, and up here in the tangled woods and broken hills of the Argonne Forest my regiment has been firing its twelve big cannon since midnight. Morning is breaking, and thru the cold mist that hangs low in the hills there gleams with a red and lurid light the flash of the huge guns firing at the unseen enemy ahead. The air is thick with mist and acrid powder fumes, and every terrific concussion makes it quiver like a solid substance. The order comes to go forward, and as we jump to hook the eight-horse teams to the ponderous guns there comes from up ahead a sudden low whine, changing with incredible speed to a shrill scream and a monstrous hiss as of a million serpents! A blinding flash---a roar as of worlds torn asunder---a sudden deadly pain in my side and then: the dark! I wake, to find the surgeon bending over me, a look of amazement on his face.---"Doc--- Oh Doc, am I dead?"---for I am still half conscious as I speak. "Dead--- Hell, No, but you sure would be if this old penny hadn't stopped that bit of steel!" Bent almost double, cut by the sharp steel from the bursting shell, the lucky penny, veteran of six wars, had come down thru a hundred and forty years to save my life!

Just the story of a copper cent, the humblest of coins, but do you wonder that a coin can mean so much, when it holds all the drama and romance of the ages? Do you begin to see the marvelous fascination of coins for the thousands who collect them? Do you wonder that Max Mehl seeks thruout the world for this and a thousand other old or scarce coins to supply his clients? But most important of all to YOU is the fact that there are a vast number of valuable coins in ordinary use today, going thru your hands in the most commonplace way, because you can not recognize them for what they are.

How many times have you had an old or unusual appearing coin, and with a momentary glance of curiosity handed it out again in the daily course of business? Yet that coin that appeared so common, that meant nothing to you, may have had a value far beyond your wildest imagination, for it may have been one that Max Mehl has sought for years. This old penny of 1793 for instance, may be worth hundreds of dollars, but it is not only the old coins that are valuable. The nickel or dime that you gave to the paper-boy may have been worth a small fortune. The half-dollar that you received in change at the store today may bear a value of hundreds of dollars, for often it is the most common-looking coins that are the most valuable---if you only knew it! There is no more universal opportunity than this of running across really worthwhile coins, but what good does it do YOU now, when you would not know them if you saw them?

Perhaps I can help you. Max Mehl has an illustrated coin folder that will tell you just how to get this knowledge. This folder is not for sale---it is sent only on request and costs you nothing but four